Falſ. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him, before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor ſet to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in ſurgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that word? honor: what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one,
It is not poſſible: it cannot be
The king ſhould keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, al our liues ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſh't and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how we can, or ſad, or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouern'd by a ſpleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We

We as the ſpring of all ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good cooſen, let not Harry know,
In any caſe the offer of the king. *Enter Hotſpur.*

Vo. Deliuer what you will, ile ſay 'tis ſo. Here coms your

Hot. My vncle is return'd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vncle, what newes.

Wor. The king will bid you battel preſently.

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, goe you and tell him ſo.

Dou. Marry and ſhal, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I tolde him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oth breaking, which he mended thus
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He call vs, rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With hautie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter D*

Dou. Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickely on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king
And, nephew, chaleng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule I neuer in my life,
Did heare a chalenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his prayſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe valued with you,
And which became him like a prince indeed,